That brought her for this high good turne so farre.

Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore at one doore. *Enter at the other doore Bascianus and Lauinia, with others.*

Saturnine. So *Bascianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your gallant Bride.

Bascianus. And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Saturnine. Traitor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bassianus. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I possest of that is mine.

Saturnine. 'Tis good sir, you are verie short with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as sharpe with you.

Bascianus. My Lord what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the dueties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrongd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moude to wrath,
To be controwld in that he frankelie gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expresst himselfe in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince *Bascianus* leaue to pleade my deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue loude and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord, if euer Ta
VVere gratious in those Princelie eies
Then heare me speake indifferently for
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what i

Saturnine. VVhat Madam be dispo
And baselie put it vp without reuenge

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods o
I should be Authour to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all,
VVhose furie not dissembled speakes h
Then at my sute looke gratiouslie on hi
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine sup
Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle
My Lord: Be rulde by me, be wonne
Dissemble all your griefes and disconte
You are but newlie planted in your th
Least then the people, and Patricians to
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
VVhich Rome reputes to be a hainous
Yeeld at intreats: and then let me alo
Ile find a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie
The cruell father, and his traiterous son
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes lif
And make them know what tis to let a
Kneele in the streets and begge for gra
Come, come sweete Emperour, (come
Take vp this good old man, and cheare
That dies in tempest of thy angrie frow

Saturnine. Rise *Titus* rise, my Emp

Titus. I thanke your Maiestie, and h
These words, these looks, infuse new lif

Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in